

the charm, the witchery of it all! It is Paradise regained. There are numerous native orchestras, consisting of from eight to twelve pieces, which may be heard almost every evening of the week on the broad veranda of the Royal Hotel, in Emma Square, at the Administration building, or in some one of the many beautiful little parks throughout the city. The music they render is of a unique character—I have never heard anything like it elsewhere—simple, unaffected, tender, pathetic, and so full of warmth—beautiful indeed—a true reflex of their life. The players mingle their voices with the tones of their instruments, and this lends an expressiveness and charm to their music, which can be appreciated only by hearing it. It is customary to close their programs by a piece called “Alaho,” which means love, friendly greeting, kind thoughts, goodnight, and is always given with high spirit. The Royal Band, composed of about twenty-five different wind instruments, was organized many years ago under the old monarchy, and is still in existence with the same leader who organized it. This famous band is in the employ of the government and gives concerts each week alternately in four different public squares on stated evenings. These concerts attract large audiences and add very much to the life of the city.

Honolulu is a beautiful place. There is such a variety and richness of vegetation. All kinds of trees and shrubbery and vines abound and flourish everywhere. In some of the wider streets, such as Nuuana avenue, Beretania street, and King street, the houses stand far back with very large yard space in front. In these spacious yards may be seen noble specimens of trees such as the mango, many varieties of palms, papaia, cocoanut, mokey pod, bread fruit, algeroba, tama-

rind, cypress, banana, banyan, kukui, orange, etc. Of the many flowering trees, the most beautiful and remarkable is the *Poincianna Regia*, which grows to the height of twenty-five or thirty feet with wide spreading tops, something like our elms, and at some seasons of the year these trees are all ablaze with rich crimson and purple golden blossoms—objects of rare beauty. The gorgeous Bougainvillea vine with its wealth of violet flowers may be seen trained up on trellises over verandas and outhouses and stumps of trees. It is a paradise for roses and geraniums and other choice flowers: their colors are deeper and richer than we are accustomed to see in our climate, and they grow much larger.

And then the climate—it is unsurpassed, charming, even, delightful, continuous May or June the year round. The direct rays of the sun are warm, but in the shade and at night it is always cool. The maximum temperature for 1907 was 89°, and the minimum, 58°, while the average was about 74°. The average daily change in the temperature during the twelve months of the year is about one and a half degrees, so that there are never any extremes. During the year 1906 Honolulu had 125 clear days, 191 days with sun and clouds, and 49 cloudy days. Foggy weather is rare. The trade winds blow quite uniformly from N. E. to S. W., with an average velocity per hour of about 8.7 miles. The average annual rainfall for sixteen years is 30.25 inches. No better climate can be found for those suffering with nervous ailments. A prominent physician with wide experience states that in his opinion Hawaii offers the least resistance to bodily well-being of any of the well known health resorts of the world. There is an indescribable charm about this climate. When one has been here he is

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In Lincoln's Honor.

FEBRUARY 12, 1909, will always remain a memorable date in the minds of all students at Augustana who attended the exercises held the evening of that day in the chapel to the honor of the Great Emancipator. A whole century had rolled away since the great Lincoln had been given to his country, and now a whole nation paused for a day to pay its tribute and homage to his memory. To those who assembled in the chapel to hear the inspiring address of the Hon. J. B. Oakleaf and the patriotic music, the event made a lasting impression.

Lincoln the Man, his life and his deeds were portrayed by the speaker in graphic words. The entire address seemed like a series of pictures thrown on a screen as the speaker called forth one scene after another from Lincoln's life, each exhibiting a different phase of his career and affording opportunity to study the many characteristics of the man who has rightly been called "the first American." The theme of the address was Lincoln's "Friendship for humanity and his sacrifice for others." These, said the speaker, were the pre-eminent characteristics in the life of the rail-splitter president, and these were the traits in his character that made him loved by all. Mr. Oakleaf said in part:

"Through all the ages no man was ever

accorded the honor which is being accorded Abraham Lincoln to-day. Every school-house has been a Mecca for children, every college and university is holding exercises to-day in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. Foreign lands are vying with Lincoln's native land to do honor to his memory. It would seem fitting and proper to gather in this chapel this evening and only repeat the theme which will be the subject of my address, for then we would tell the story of his life; recite the Gettysburg address in unison, and read the peer of eulogies, the editorial of Daniel Willard Fiske, who wrote the famous tribute to the memory of Lincoln after his assassination, April 15, 1865."

The speaker then reviewed Lincoln's entire life from the time of his boyhood to the time he entered the political arena. He interspersed the narrative with numerous anecdotes from Lincoln's life, illustrating the well-known humorous side of his character. He told how, while Lincoln was on a business trip to New Orleans, there was bred in his soul the first seed of hatred for the slave traffic. On that occasion he is said to have exclaimed to his companions: "If I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard!" Lincoln never forgot his promise,

and when the time came, he proved that he was as good as his word.

The speaker then told of his subsequent political career, his famous debates with Stephen A. Douglas, his nomination for the presidency by the newly organized Republican party in 1860, and his election as Chief Magistrate of the country the same year.

"The war came," said the speaker, "and Lincoln proved himself equal to the task. The enemy was not the severest foe with whom the president had to contend, for he found that his cabinet was honeycombed with deceit and his generals were quarreling among themselves. But through all Lincoln pursued the even tenor of his way, bearing his burdens with that fortitude, the equal of which had never been known.

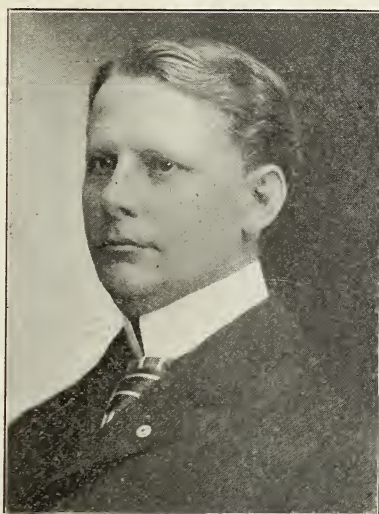
"During the trying days of '61, '62 and '63 Lincoln's heart was heavy, for he knew that the fate of the nation hung upon his shoulders. He also knew that the slaves on the southern fields were looking for a Moses to deliver them out of bondage. Their prayers were uttered in the cabins and in the cotton-fields. Prayers were said by thousands of good men and women that out of the curse of war would come the blessedness of freedom. Lincoln made a vow to God that if a certain event happened he would free the slaves. In obedience to that vow, on the 1st day of January, 1863, Lincoln proved that the pen was mightier than

the sword, for he struck the shackles from three million slaves and the din of the clanking of the shackles when they fell to the ground was heard around the world across the prairies of the west to the peaks of the Rockies, which, like a mast of a wireless telegraph station received the message and wafted it to the isles of the sea and to the uttermost parts of the earth, blended with the music of the spheres and died away upon the shoreless sea of humanity. And then the poor slaves heard the refrain of the angelic host, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

"But so it is with many who prosecute a noble deed, who perform a great act, who lay out a work: they are struck down as it is about to be consummated. The veil is lifted and Lincoln is permitted to peer into the future, beyond its portals, and he sees on the distant horizon that the end is drawing near. Richmond had surrendered, and under the famous apple tree at Appomattox, Lee had

laid down his arms at the feet of the 'Silent Commander.' People were rejoicing all over the north, the soldiers were on the march to the capitol to receive their laurels, and, amidst this singing and amidst the shouts and jubilee of a reunited country, the assassin steps forth and strikes the fatal blow.

"It was then that the country was wrapped in mourning and from every altar all over the land were offered prayers to the Almighty to help the na-



HON. J. B. OAKLEAF,
"Lincoln Centennial" Speaker.

tion in its dark hour. The true and noble men of the press who had stood by the president in their editorials, found it a hard task to tell the people what was in their hearts. One of the greatest editorials that was ever penned, was written by Daniel Willard Fiske, then editor of the Syracuse, New York, *Daily Journal*, within a half an hour after the news had been flashed over the wires that Lincoln was dead. He wrote:

"Slavery and treason have demanded of the American republic a great and final sacrifice. For four mournful years, on the battlefield and in the hospital, she had poured out the noble blood of her brave children and offered up the precious lives of her patriotic citizens. But the sacrifice of blood still more noble, of a life still more precious, was needed to make the oblation complete. This last, this fearful offering has now been laid upon the nation's reeking altar. Abraham Lincoln is dead!

"The shaper of the republic's destiny, he was murdered on the day when that destiny was finally moulded in the matrix of truth and justice. The savior of the republic's life, he yielded up his own just as the republic's existence was forever secured. The commander-in-chief of our long battling armies, he sank in death at the very moment when those armies had achieved a lasting triumph.

"In him was typified, more than ever before in any single individual, the cause of Human Liberty, and he perished in the hour which saw that cause victorious. He so guided the course of events that out of the bitterness of slavery a whole race entered into the blessedness of freedom, and he passed out of the world while the clanking echoes of the chains had not yet died away. Through a night of storm and terror, he steered the trembling ship of state,

and when the morning dawned upon the vessel sailing, with its costly freight, through a placid sea, the hand that had saved it became powerless. Who shall say that, since that other good Friday, eighteen hundred years ago, when murderous men struck at the existence of the Divinity itself, a riper life has been ended by a fouler blow?

"The universal signs of sorrow attest the depth and breadth of the people's grief. The saddened nation clothes itself in black. The church bells toll a requiem which makes the sorrow-laden air still heavier. Sable festoons adorn, with gloomy decoration, our streets and squares. The minds of men are filled with a woe which the death of a father or brother could not have evoked. But there is a mourning still more appropriate to the occasion than these outer signs of inner feelings. Let us mourn the dead president by being worthy of his greatness. Let us resolve that the liberty which he saved shall never again be lost, that the fetters which he sundered shall never again be joined, that the union which he restored shall never again be broken. Let us live for Human Rights as he lived; let us die for them, if need be, as he died.

"The Great Republic's head is gone; the Great Republic's heart is broken. God help the Great Republic!"

"Illinois had given to the nation a man whom the nation had honored, and the nation, to show its gratitude, took charge of the remains of the beloved Lincoln and conveyed them with tender hands back to his adopted state. In the city of Springfield, which he had left five years before and bade his fellow-citizens farewell, he was buried. There his shrine is visited by thousands who stand near his remains with uncovered heads, feeling that they are in the presence of the dust of the greatest of all Americans."